Che Radical.

The Union of the States and the States of the Union.

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THE RADICAL.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 13, 1841.

The November number of the Lady's book, abounds with its usual *quota* of interesting matter.

We learn that the services of that accomplished writer, Miss. C. M. Sedgwick are engaged in future for each number of that interesting periodical.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.—The proposals for this work have been kindly and generously received by our editorial brethren. The editor has no capital, save that which lies within the convolutions of his brain and the gyrations of his "grey goosequill;" and his publisher declines purchasing the materials necessary for printing the work as it should be, before a list of five hundred subscribers shall be obtained.

There are about one hundred and fifty on the list, who have voutarily come forward. This week and the next, we intend that the city shall be thoroughly canvassed by a competent agent, and we respectfully solicit the ladies and gentlemen of St. Louis, friendly to the cause of literature, to subscribe.—Payment will not be demanded until the work is permanently established. And should it fail, nothing will be charged for the specimen number, which we shall issue as soon in November as possible.—*Pennant.*

We have been looking for the last two or three mails with great anxiety for the receipt of the first number of the periodical, to which allusion is made in the above paragraph—to be conducted by G. G. Foster for some time known as one of the most beautiful and chaste writers of the West and at present, as the editor of the St. Louis Pennant. We could select no one in whose hands we would sooner confide the management of a periodical devoted to literature than Mr. Foster, and we regret exceedingly to learn that the slightest difficulty had been encountered in procuring the requisite number of subscribers. The enterprising spirit of the conductor, cannot be too much admired, and we trust that his fondest anticipations may be more than, realized. We see no good reason why a work of the kind cannot succeed among us, especially as our character for letters is somewhat identified with its success, and the patronage, with which it may meet. We cheerfully recommend the Prairie Flower to our friends, as we feel assured that it will be worthy of their encouragement and support.

It will be issued monthly at $5 per annum. We risk the assertion that it will be worth double the money.

☞We ask for the following withering article, which we extract from the Alexandria Index, an attentative perusal from all of our readers who are anxious to form a fair idea of Whig *charity*, and the worth of Whig *promises*. It will be recollected that the editor was one of those who fell a victim to the ruthless spirit of prescription, that raged in Washington with so much violence, immediately after the ascendency of the present administration. We have never been among the number who have attached the entire blame of the numerous removals, which have been made to the chief executive, as hundreds were doubtless expelled from office who had faithfully discharged the duties of their several stations, without even his cognizance, or instructions from him to that effect. But we do condemn the elevation of such men, to stations of power and trust, as would wage an unremitting war of prescription, until they had glutted their cormorant appetites, for revenge and pretended retaliation. Such men were Granger, Webster, and Ewing, who held in utter contempt, the most solemn pledges, and from a long course of intrigue corruption, and perfidy, had steeled their hearts to compassion, and to the sufferings of impoverished families. We have reason to be thankful to our President for his independpent course, if it had been productive of but one good result, in driving those reccreants to principle from posts of honor and trust.

"The Whig party—as it has been pleased to christen itself against the fact—universally condemned General Jackson for removing individuals [illegible] for opinion's sake, when, in near[illegible] by General Jackson, were for what was then deemed to be a sufficient cause. Assuming then the falsehood that General Jackson hurled his political enemies, *en masse*, from office for opinion sake, the National Intelligencer with pious horror, and the Whig followers—

"Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,
Little dogs and all—"

commenced a paper crusade against him and his supporters more bitter than any waged against any public man in any country since the days of Cromwell. Falsehood small in the beginning as handfuls of snow on the peaks of the eternal Alps, went forth from the Capitol, gathering in weight and volume as they went, until at last they crushed thousands of the old Hero's supporters, and filled his own pathway to the temple of fame with melting fragments. Years rolled on, and still the odious proscription of General Jackson; —which was a creature of Whig conception—haunted the pure imaginations of the mercy-loving Clayites. Hell itself was ransacked for epithets sufficiently terrible to stigmatise the reform of 1829, and men were ready to dip their hands in blood—to take the dastardly cloak of the assassin and wo the night—to rid the country of the monster, who determined that incapable and dishonest men should be stricken from the official roll of the country upon the ground that the public edifices were neither States prisons, Alms Houses, or retreats for the insane. It was a terrible hour, and we were truly glad when it, with its shadows, its falsehoods, and its curses, had passed away.

When Mr. Van Buren came into power no removals were made. His open enemies remained in office, under his very nose, and Washington was full of his traducers. He was called a proscriptionist; but there was no proscription. The Whigs accused him of a design to clear the augean stable, but the augean stable remained in its filthiness until the friends of Mr. Van Buren complained of his inertness, and cursed him for his charitableness. Finding the Magician, as they called him, averse to general removal from office, many of the generals and the renegades of the camp opposed him. They went over to the enemy like other traitors; and he who told the removed officials, in the days of General Jackson, "to root hog or die," told the removed officials, in the days of Harrison, "that Jackson began it, and they might now put the bitter chalice to their lips."

A change in the Administration was now effected—by what means every day is fast disclosing. The *outs* became the *ins*, and Gen. Harrison, pledged against proscription; —himself a victim, if his biography is to be believed—became President of the United States. He was to restore peace to the Republic—to hang the hills of his country with glory, and to fill her vallies with plenty.—He came in triumph, like an Eastern Conqueror; with his voice still weak, from the exertions he had made in pledging himself to reform the abuses of the Government—"to proscribe proscription," and to "muzzle the dog's," and, in less than a month, every Democratic office-holder, connected with the Treasury Department, in the State of Maine, from "Bours Head to Quoddy," was removed, and a horde of political pipe-layers hungry as the wild dog's of Attica, and guant as the wolves of the Balkan, were brought in to supply their places. "I will proscribe proscription for opinion sake," was the declaration of the incoming President; and "Sir, your services are no longer required in this Department," were the words his satellites used in carrying his determination into effect.

When called upon to *proscribe proscription*, and *to muzzle the dogs*, he referred the victims to his *Ewing*, his *Webster*, and his *Granger*; and bade them seek for consolation there. "Madam said he to a lady—an acquaintance of ours—who feared her husband would be removed, "I have no time to listen to you: go to the Secretary. If your husband has behaved himself, he will not be removed." And when she went to the Secretary, such consolation as she received! our blood boils when we think of it.

We speak from facts. A gentleman, removed from the Land Office for his political opinion only, was referred by the President of the United States to Mr. Ewing. Mr. Ewing refused to see him three times at the office, and at his house, and went back to Ohio, Ewing-like, without giving him a moment's conversation or a word of consolation. A lady, the wife of a clerk in Mr. Granger's Department, and no kin to us, called upon Mr. Granger to request that her husband might not be removed for opinion's sake, and was told by the agreeable Postmaster General, before she could say a word, that she "need not say any thing in her husband's favor, for he must and should be *removed*." And Mr. Webster, "the god-like" man, when waited upon by a clerk under his control who had been reduced in salary, with a request that his daily bread might be restored to him, tore up a letter recommending it, from a Senator of Maryland, and dashing the pieces on the floor, exclaimed—"*Go about your business, sir, or I will discharge you altogether! I am no Almoner to dole out chairty to the poor.*" And, in our own case, when removed by Mr. Granger for writing a song upon *Whig Glory*, we were told by him that, although he had no objection to us as an officer or a man, our political course was such as he could not sanction; and we must depart from the soft cushions and the coal fires of office—not at the end of the month, but at the moment; he having used us until he had finished the lettings, and could get along without us.

Had the late cabinet continued [and Gen. Harrison would have continued them and obeyed them during his official existence—judging of the future by the past—] every democratic office-holder in the United States would have been ejected upon the breaking up of the extra session of Congress. Many gentlemen of our acquaintance, now in office, were notified to hold themselves in readiness to go, but the death of the master changed the men. The omnipotence of the servants bowed to another master, and they who were whetting their beaks for a supper of blood were sent to their former insignificance, filled with mallice, envy, and revenge. The axe of the terrorist was stopped—the guillotine remained silent—rust gathered upon its sharp edge, and cob-webs formed upon its strings and pullies—and then, suddenly, as if by magic, the proscriptionist became a liberal and the she wolf a lamb.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

Day before yesterday, two gentlemen, distinguished alike for pipe-laying zeal and want of office, were surprised by a visit from a semi-official, who informed one of them that a commission as a counsel would be issued to him the next day, but gave the other *no hope*.

The lucky applicant rejoiced exceedingly, and went out to tell the news to his friends, while the disappointed one borrowed a sum of money from a fellow boarder, and departed for a silent walk, enveloped, by *mere accident*, in his lucky comrad's new over-coat. The rewarded pipe-layer returned to his lodgings at evening, in high glee; but judge of his astonishment upon hearing that his disappointed brother pipe-layer had walked to Bladensburg and taken the cars for Texas or some other warm country. This game of robbing friends is a little too bad—even thieves respect their neighbors great coast. [*Index.*]

CALL AGAIN.—The public papers are begging the suspended banks to resume. Better ask a pickpocket never to put his hand into his neighbor's pocket.—[*N. Y. Herald.*]

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" enquired a lawyer of a client. "I did your honor." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." And what did you do then? "Why then I came to you."

"Now Tibe," says Pete, "you know that I know that you know that you don't know that I don't know."

"I know that," says Tibe.

"John you dog, are you into *them* sweetmeats again?"

"No ma'am—the sweetments *is into me.*"

A Yankee in Boston, has set up a one horse thrashing machine for the convenience of parents and guardians having unruly boys. He'll lick an urchin like thunder for fourpence. Small lickens done for two cents only, and the most entire satisfaction warrented.

We subjoin the following histroy of Banks their various characters and voters—from the National Intelligence. This may throw some light upon the views and opinions, which we entertained upon this momentous and vexed question by some of our first Presidents:

Bank History.

The character of the first Bank of the U. States was presented to President Washington for his signature on the 12th day of February, 1791. The following correspondence ensued between the President and the Secretary of the Treasury:

Wednesday 23d, Feb., 1791.

Sir,—I have this moment received your sentiments with respect to the constitutionality of the bill "to incorporate the subscribers to the Bank of the United States."

This bill was presented to me by the joint Committee of Congress at 12 o'clock on Monday, 14th inst. In what precise period, by legal interpretation of the Constitution, can the President retain it in his possession before it become a law by the lapse of ten days?

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To the Secretary of the Treasury.

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February 29, 1791.

Sir—in answer to your note of this morning, just delivered to me, I give it as my opinion that you have ten days, exclusive of that on which the bill was delivered to you, and Sundays; hence, in the present case, if it is returned on Friday, at any time while Congress are sitting, it will be in time.

It might be a question, if returned after their adjournment on Friday.

I have the honor to be,
With perfect respect,
Your most obedient servant,
A. HAMILTON.

To the President of the U. S.

The bill was signed on the 25th, being the 11th day after its presentation. So long had the President retained it, the apprehension of a veto become very general, and, after the tenth day had elapsed, it is said that one of the Committee on Enrolled Bills waited upon General Washington, and very eagerly exclaimed—"Now we have you! The bill has become a law by the Constitution!"—But the President that day finally decided to sign the bill, and return it accordingly. The President had great difficulties in regard to it, and a veto message was actually prepared by Mr. Madison, by request, and is now extant.

The bill to renew the charter of the old bank in 1811 was defeated by the casting vote of George Clinton. The remarks addressed to the Senate by him on the occasion were prepared, it is said, by a distinguished member of the present Senate, who took a prominent part against the bill in the debates at that time. Mr. Clinton said, among other things. "In the course of a long life, I have found that government is not to be strengthened by an assumption of doubtful powers, but by a wise and energetic execution of these which are incontestible."

The charter of the bank of 1815 passed Congress on the 20th of January, and was vetoed by President Madison on the 30th of the same month.

The charter of the bank of 1816 passed by Congress on the 5th of April and was approved by the President on the 10th of the same month.

The bill to renew the charter of the same bank was presented to President Jackson on the 4th of July, 1832, and was vetoed by him on the 10th of the same month.

While the charter of 1791 was before President Washington for consideration, he required the opinions in writing of his Attorney General, (Mr. Randolph) of the Secretary of State, (Mr. Jefferson) and both reporting the act to be unconstitutional, the President called for the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, (Mr. Hamilton.) This was adverse to the first two, and contributed to induce the President to sign the bill.

Mr. Jefferson's opinion was included with the following paragraphs relative to the veto power:

"The negative of the President is the shield provided by the Constitution to protest against the invasion of the Legislature: 1st, the rights of the executive; 2d, of the Judiciary; 3d, of the States and State Legislature. The present is the case of a right remaining exclusively with the States and, is, consequently, one of those intended by the Constitution to be placed under his protection.

"It must be added, however, that unless the President's mind, on a view of every thing which is urged for and against the bill, is tolerably clear that it is unauthorized by the Constitution; if the *pro* and the *con* hang so equal as to balance his judgment, a just respect for the wisdom of the Legislature would naturally decide the balance in favor of their opinion; it is chiefly for cases where they are clearly misled by error, ambition, or interest, that the Constitution has placed a check in the negative of the President."

From the Philadelphia Enquirer.

According to official accounts recently published, there are more newspapers circulated in the American Union than in any other country on the face of the globe.—Thus—in Great Britain and Ireland, the number of newspapers published is 480; in France 250; in the German States 308; in Holland 159; in Prussia 288; and in the U. States 1,555 periodicals, 1,250 of which are newspapers. Some of our weeklies circulate as many as from 40,000 to 50,000 copies of each number; and we believe that one of the penny papers of New York issues more than 30,000 copies daily. But our object, when we commenced this article, was to introduce an eloquent description of the newspaper press, recently delivered in Jefferson College, Louisiana, by Professor Everett. It is admirable:

"An orator in the British Parliament, for example, finishes his speech at 4 o'clock in the morning, and at eight receives it in his newspaper with his morning meal, reported in full, and ready to be hurried on the wings of steam—more swift than those of the wind—to the remotest corners of the globe.—Though his voice is heard by only two or three hundred persons, he speaks, in fact, to all his countrymen far and near—to foreign nations—to the world. By the joint result of these two prodigious inventions, a stage is erected in every printing office, around which the whole contemporary race is assembled as an audience. In this country alone there is already more than two thousand. What a spectacle of wonders! What potent machinery for good and evil! I know the abuses that belong to this system—that are, perhaps, in a greater or less degree, inseparable from it. I am aware, of the frivolous and even mischievous character of much of the popular literature: of the narrowness and coarseness, I may say, brutality—of a portion of the periodical press, without distinction of party. Yet, with all its faults, of omissions and commissions, how much really valuable matter is, after all, to be found in these brief chronicles of the times! How much useful information and rational entertainment does not almost any one of them—even the least conspicuous—carry home to the fireside of the remote inhabitant of the country! It cost him a dollar to go to one of our city theatres, and assist for three or four hours at a pretty indifferent representation of, in general, an ordinary play. For twice that amount the publisher of his newspaper furnishes him for a whole year with a weekly admission to the great world spectacle, to which I have alluded. He listens to the debate in Parliament and Congresses: the palaces and council rooms of Princes are laid open to him: he witnesses the tumult of contested elections, the shock of contending armies engaged upon the field of battle.—The progress of letters and the arts, the stirring incidents of private life, come in as interludes. Considered as a mere entertainment, how much superior is this vast and sacred panorama to the empty pageantry of the imitative stage. It has sometimes been said that the citizens of the United States have no relish for amusements. This great world spectacle, gentlemen, which is regularly furnished by newspapers, is the principal amusement of the American people.—What makes it far more interesting is, that the spectator is also, at the same time, an actor. The same convenient sheet which spreads out weekly upon every village table a summary of the affairs of the whole contemporary world, also informs the citizen when the election is coming on at his own door, and when he may have a delightful ex-